

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXVI. }

NOVEMBER, 1874.

{ NEW SERIES.
{ VOL. III No. II.



BOUNCE AND HIS MASTER.

For The Dayspring.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

'Tis Sunday morning; from the clear blue sky
The sun shines bright: and birds on soaring wing,
Or rock'd on leafy boughs, or blossomed spray,
Are hymning joyfully their Maker's praise.
Standing within a grove of maple trees
The village church is seen: whilst, by its side,
(And linked to it by trellised portico
O'er which the roses climb, and woodbine sweet)
Like bride and bridegroom, walking hand in hand
Upon the rough and rugged path of life,
Each finding in the other that true help
Which makes his strength her power,— her beauty
his,

The school-house stands. In at the open door
The children crowd: each face is wreathed with
smiles,

Each voice has words of welcome for the rest,
And all rejoice within the sacred walls.
The room is deck'd with flow'rs; and the reading-desk,
On which the venerated Bible lies,
Is wreath'd with blossoms, symboling the love,
The purity and truth enshrined there.
The tinkling bell recalls each wandering thought:
And now the true and consecrated ones,
Who speak love's message out of loving hearts
To those whose hearts respond with love again,
Are seated in their long accustomed place;
Whilst o'er the silence breaks the loving voice
Of one whose bosom swells with love for all,
Whose heart contains a place for each one there.
"List to the Saviour's words," the speaker says;
"Suffer the little ones to come to me;
Forbid them not, I say, for pure and sweet
As they, the angels in my Father's house;
And whoso'er desires to enter there
Must like these children lowly be and pure."
The Saviour's spirit enters each young heart
At words so gracious and encouraging.
The deep-toned organ blends with voices sweet,
Which sing the Saviour's message as their hymn;
And then the chorus soars to heaven's gate,—
"We come, dear Saviour, and our young heart
bring

To thee, Redeemer, Shepherd, too, and King."
Then silence reigns; each form is lowly bent,
And a pure soul lifts up the voice in prayer.
The sweet "Our Father" closes the appeal,
And strength and help for teacher and for taught

Come down, and rest upon each waiting soul.
And now the youngest lambkins of the fold
Are drawn within a bright and spacious room,
Where each is taught to feel how very sweet
The Saviour's words are to the little ones.
And as by story, and by precept, too,
The message is on each young heart impressed,
Their tender souls look out thro' loving eyes,
They hear his words, and think to see him near;
And breaking into joyous song again
Their voices rise as incense unto heaven.
Meantime, the elder ones, with sober thought
Have sought another room, their minds intent
On deeper study of the Saviour's words.
And here, with learning and deep love combined,
Their pastor leads them by the pastures green
And by the waters still of heavenly truth.
"We all are children, tho' of larger growth;
And thus the Saviour's message is to us.
Be even pure and trustful as a child,
So shall Heaven's gate be opened unto you."
While thus the elder ones, with earnest zeal,
In search of truth comparing text with text,
Drawing examples from the Master's life,
Or searching out the apostolic word;
And while the little ones alternate learn,
Or tune the tender voice to grateful song,—
The faithful teachers, each peculiar mood
And each capacity well known to them,
By earnest questionings, by drawing out
The consciousness of truth deep laid within;
Touching the heart with a diviner love,
Waking the soul to a diviner light;
Transplanting their own life of faith and love,
(For none can sow except what they possess)
Inspire within each earnest, tender soul,
A longing to be worthy of a place
Within the mighty folding of His love.
The lessons done, united all again,
The voice of prayer and praise once more ascends.
And careful still to guard the youthful mind
From false ideas, tho' stamped as orthodox,
They learn to sing as well as speak the truth.
No false and sickly sentimental sound,
"Lord, I am weary, lead me unto Thee!"
For they are full of life and energy.
No sighing over "earth a desert drear,"
For they have learned that earth is beautiful;
A noble temple, built by God's own hand;
A dwelling beautiful for those God loves,
A fitting stage whereon to do his will.

Here are no sighs to "join the angel band,"
 "Nor ask they freedom from the cares of life;
 They ask for strength to conquer in the strife."
 Each unto each gives words encouraging,
 To dare to do the right, to be the true;
 So that, with faith undimmed, they may look up
 And ask God hear and bless the hymns they sing.
 And when the benediction is pronounced,
 The thoughtful ones feel they are nearer heaven;
 Sorrows are lightened, joys made more divine,
 And scarce a heart remains that is untouched.
 And shall not virtue grow in ground thus tilled,
 Where seed is sown with consecrated love?
 It shall, and fruitage yield an hundredfold.
 And thus religion early planted deep
 In each young soul, behold in manhood's prime
 An earnestness and zeal for things divine,
 Ripening into a harvest for the church;
 Strengthening its hands for all its holy work,
 Sending forth workers to the harvest field,
 Clad in the garments bright of righteousness.
 Go on then, teachers, in your holy work;
 Scatter the seed with an unsparing hand;
 Sow it in faith and love: your gathering in
 Shall be completed in the great beyond!

W. N. EVANS.

MONTREAL, October, 1874.

For The Dayspring.

ANCIENT ENGLISH CASTLES AND ABBEYS.

Introduction. — PART I.]



ENGLAND and Wales together contain about as many square miles as the State of Georgia, or the States of New York and Maryland.

To an antiquarian the objects of interest in England and Wales are very numerous; for within their limits are the remains of two hundred and twenty-eight castles and fortresses, of one hundred and forty cathedrals, abbeys, and churches, and of five Druidical temples! Very many of these are now so dilapidated that of some, mere gateways, or fallen walls,

or broken pulpits, covered with ivy and hidden by stately oaks, can be seen. A few have been so restored from time to time, as to retain their massive grandeur.

In the county of Hampshire or Southampton, which is about fifty-five miles in length by thirty in width, there are *nineteen* of these ruins; and the county of Kent, of about the same area, contains *twenty-four*! These two counties are in the south and south-east parts of England, where a line of fortresses was very early established for the defence of the coast.

Monmouthshire, formerly part of Wales, though about half the size of Hampshire, has the ruins of *twenty-five* castles and *thirteen* churches and abbeys, among which are the celebrated abbeys of Tintern and of Llanthong.

A CASTLE

is a fortress for defence; and, owing to the many invasions of England by Romans, Danes, Picts, Saxons, and Normans, these fortresses were very numerous, as they became the places of refuge for kings and nobles.

The nobles often fortified themselves in these strongholds, and then sallied forth to attack the neighboring castles, and often by conquest became very powerful, even defying the authority of the kings.

After the conquest of Britain by the Romans, fifty years B.C., the latter erected many fortresses, the ruins of some of which may still be seen.

The Saxon conquerors followed the example of the Romans; and when William the Conqueror invaded Britain in 1066, he rebuilt many of these castles and erected others, placing in them his own followers, so as to keep the country in subjection to his authority.

A castle was usually erected upon some high rock or hill, so as to overlook the sur-

rounding country. Dover Castle is on a cliff three hundred feet high; Beeston Castle in Cheshire, on a rock three hundred and sixty-five feet in height; and Dinas-Bran Castle, in North Wales, is on an eminence of one thousand feet.

The castles themselves were often one hundred feet high; and the walls thereof from eleven to twenty feet in thickness, within some of which walls were stairways, galleries, and chambers.

Some castles consisted of several distinct buildings connected together, such as Raby Castle in Durham, which had *nine* separate towers, connected and all surrounded by a spacious platform.

All castles were surrounded by high walls, those around part of Corfe Castle, being twenty-seven feet thick. These walls enclosed areas of from five to thirty acres; and on each side of the walls were moats or ditches, oftentimes from sixty to one hundred feet deep. The walls were defended by towers, especially at the gateways where were the drawbridges over the moats. Alnwick Castle in Northumberland has sixteen of these towers for defence; and at Warwick Castle, Cæsar's Tower is one hundred and seventy-four feet in height.

The area between the inner moats and the castles was intended to support the cattle which should be driven thither in times of alarm. This area was sometimes divided into three courts or wards, each defended by a massive gate, with portcullis, porter's lodge, and guard-house. Oftentimes beneath the latter were the dungeons, though the most ancient castles had them beneath the keep, the only entrance to these dungeons being usually by a trap-door, through which the prisoners were lowered by ropes, and whence there could possibly be no means of escape.

The *roofs* of castles were usually covered

with *lead*; that from Ragland Castle sold for nearly thirty thousand dollars.

The *interior* of most of these massive fortresses was gloomy and chill. The apartments were very numerous; in some castles there being from one thousand to fifteen hundred rooms. Many of these rooms had secret ways of ingress and of egress; some had staircases concealed in the walls; some, trap-doors descending into hidden recesses and leading to subterranean passages six feet high and three feet broad, partitioned by iron gates.

The *windows* admitted not only light but the cold winds, for glass was seldom used, and the apertures were closed by huge wooden shutters.

The *fireplaces* had *no flues*, but were merely low arches, the smoke making its way through an opening in the roof or in the outer wall near the fireplace; for *chimneys* were seldom built until about A.D. 1500.

The great baronial or banqueting halls, often one hundred feet in length, forty feet in width, and sixty feet high, could have been very partially warmed by the brazier for hot coals placed on a hearth in the centre; though there is one banqueting hall which has a hearth in the centre with large "dogs" or "and-irons" each three and one half feet high, these "dogs" connected together with a massive bar of iron, four and one half feet wide, which served as a rest for the fuel, which consisted of trunks and large branches of trees. The ceiling and walls are discolored by the wood smoke. When chimneys were built these great halls often had five each.

There was usually one *large kitchen* with two fireplaces, each of sufficient dimension for roasting an ox whole; and also a *small kitchen* where the chief cook prepared food for the lord. The attendants were not allowed to enter the kitchen, but the viands

were passed through slides to ante-rooms of the great hall.

The ovens were fourteen feet in diameter.

The *minstrels'* gallery was in the end of the great hall, beneath which was an ornamented screen, concealing the doors which lead to the kitchen, pantry, and buttery. In these great banqueting halls the seats were oaken benches, and boards were placed upon trestles for tables. In one hall was a table consisting of a *single* board fifty-one feet in length and three feet in breadth, cut from an oak-tree that grew on the premises. During the feast the *dogs* crouched by the side of their masters, and the *hawks* perched above their heads.

Two guests usually ate from the same plate, the only knife used being the clasp-knife, which each guest wore in his girdle. The staple article of food during Lent in 1265, even for the barons, was salt herrings; their bread was a mixture of wheat and rye; but few vegetables were used, and their fruit was a scant allowance of apples and pears.

The poor came to the castles daily to be fed, usually being the dependents of the baron, sometimes eight hundred being thus daily supplied.

The most sumptuous lords had in winter their great halls every day covered with clean hay or straw, and in summer with green rushes, lest the guests who could not find a seat at the table should soil their clothes by sitting on a dirty floor!

There was usually a presence-room where the guests assembled previous to entering the banqueting hall. This was adorned with the richest tapestry, the work of the females of the household.

The dinner-bell was near the entrance of the hall. One lord was complained of as dining *so late*, for he never sat down to table until *one o'clock*!

The balusters of the grand staircase were usually massive, and often boldly carved; at the landing there was sometimes a carved hatch-gate to keep the favorite dogs from ascending to the drawing-rooms.

The ground floors of the castles were usually wet and damp, strewn with rushes or sweet herbs.

Amid the magnificence of carved ceilings, lofty columns, and elegant pillars, even the kings slept on beds of straw; and in these damp dwellings *warming-pans* became a necessity. These were often made of *s ver*.

In 1265 the *clothing* of male and female consisted of an outer garment of woollen cloth made with the nap very long, and when it was somewhat worn it was sent to be *shorn*, which process was repeated as often as the cloth would bear it. The undergarments were of leather or of sheepskin.

To provide *water* for these castles *wells* were made, sometimes ascending through the walls to the top of the castle, communicating with every floor. At Dover Castle, one well is three hundred and seventy feet deep; and there are, also, three others nearly as deep. At Beeston Castle in Cheshire, the well is cut through the rock on which the castle stands, three hundred and sixty-five feet! Carisbrook Castle, in Isle of Wight, has one well of three hundred feet in depth, and another of two hundred feet.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XIV. — *Good-by.*

TELLING you about our good grandmother reminds me that I have said little of my sister Helen. And it seems natural to speak of her now, because the aged become like little children as they enter the kingdom of heaven.

Did you ever hear the expression "Flower of the family"? What does it mean? A child does not grow on a stem, put out leaves close like morning-glories at night, nor fade and fall to the ground. So it is a figure of speech, meaning that a child may be as sweet and beautiful as a flower.

Now, we were so fortunate as to have two flowers in our family, Helen and Miriam. I have told you the most about Molly, because I set out to, and was the most with her. Helen's blue eyes never flashed with temper, and her rosebud mouth never pouted, that I can remember. But she tells me, that one day she stole two white-heart cherries, and then denied it, though they were blushing for her in her transparent muslin pocket. She fell in love with a little school-mate and brought her home, to our dismay, till the little one managed to remember the name of the street in which she lived. Helen was so timid when alone, that to keep up her courage she made believe she had a friend, named Maria, who came to her side at once, and with whom Helen held the most animated conversation.

A nice carpet-woman, who used to work at our house, sometimes miscalled words. She described the daughter of an employer as the "brography" of her family. I suppose she meant that the girl deserved to have her biography written; in other words, that she was the flower of the family.

Don't laugh, and say what an ignoramus that was. You cannot afford to laugh at her till you can lift heavy carpeting as lightly as she did, till you can sew the seams as strongly, till you can earn as much to help the church and your poor relations. When you have learned to be as useful and benevolent, you will have no desire to laugh at her mistakes.

When Miriam was thirteen we went from Atkinson Street for the summer. But we

did not return to it. If I had known that the last day was the last, I should have taken a more sorrowful farewell of the quaint closets and familiar walls.

The eight years we had lived there seemed as long then as twenty now. They always seem so to a child, who thinks he has such a long life before him. But it is not always long. Little children are called home to heaven. Whilst here they should be glad to do their part towards making home happy. How can they do this? By smiles, gentle words, kind deeds. If poor in purse, be rich in love. If sick in body, be healthy in soul. Live long by living well.

Miriam did nothing wonderful; but every day there was some little pleasure or scheme she gave up without a pout or a frown, some small act she did cheerfully to oblige her mother or sisters: laid down a book she was longing to read, to take her turn at amusing the fretful baby; or closed her paint-box, to darn stockings or hem a towel; doing it as well as she knew how, and not in the hurried, slighting way of one who is vexed.

Little readers, if you are poor in silver and gold, let me whisper to you, that living in a palace, wearing silk gowns or velvet coats, owning carriages and horses, going journeys, having nothing to do but to amuse yourself, cannot make a child happy; but without any of these a child is happy, who is loving and contented. It is pleasant to roll over a smooth road, to whirl past neat cottages nestling among the trees, to see how green is the earth, and smell how fragrant the air. A house with dirty papers and cracked walls is not so pleasant as a house with bright carpets, clean windows, and pretty tables and chairs; but there are children who live in the midst of what is pretty and pleasant, and yet are restless and complaining from morning till night.

The more they have the more they want. They tire of their old toys, only to be disappointed with their new. The trouble is in themselves. Perhaps they are not wholly to blame for it; perhaps they have never been taught that even children can only be happy when they are trying to be useful and to do for others. I think this was what made Miriam contented in spite of illness and confinement to the house, when she longed to be as free as the birds of the air.

Now I should like to give you one or two rules. As I said before, if poor in purse be rich in love: nobody can ever prevent your loving. It is far worse to be envious than to be poor. We all of us think a deal too much of money. Money will not buy content. Do what you can to be neat and orderly; that will save hurry, and give you time to oblige. Small hands can do more than they suppose. Think of Miriam's little useful hands. Never repine that you must walk. Be thankful you can jump and run: it is a world better than to drive in a coach, even with six horses, — far better for those who are afraid of horses.

If you are so unlucky as to have more than heart can wisely wish, stop asking for "more," for you have not the excuse of the "Marchioness" in being hungry. Do you see that forlorn child staring at you from the dirty window in the narrow court? Go right about doing something for him.

Perhaps you think, "Well, it has been a dull day; all has gone wrong, every one has been cross; I, too; but it is all over now." But no: it has become a part of your character; and your character is all you have to take with you to heaven.

Some children die, that is, die to this world, to live in a brighter and better; or their parents die; either way, how pleasant to think that they did their little share towards making home happy! Miriam and I

lived to grow up; but, if either had died as a child, it would have comforted the one left to think we had loved each other dearly.

May you live as happily with your brothers and sisters, and have as bright and tender a memory, wishes the friend who has told you this true story of her childhood and Miriam's, for your pleasure and profit.

QUEER TOM.

TOM FLOSSOFER was one of the queerest boys I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried. I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come round the corner whistling, and say, —

"What makes you cry? Can you cry tulips? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, — whistling all the time, — make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still a moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I; "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes; but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom," cried Fleda; "you can't play any m-o-r-e."

"I'm not p or, either. You cry for me I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whittle. Bes de, when

get well I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication-table; for I say it over and over till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."

Tom Flossofer was queer, certainly; but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.

Wood's Magazine.

THE BOY'S TRIUMPH.

THERE were prizes to be given in a certain school. One of the boys, named Willie, was very anxious to secure a prize. As he was young, the other boys were ahead of him in all his studies except writing. So he made up his mind that he would try for the writing prize with all his might. He did try bravely, so that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age. When the time came for awarding the prizes, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books and said:—

"It would be difficult to say which of these two books is the best, but for one copy in Willie's book, which is not only superior to Charles's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, though not unmixed with fear. Blushing deeply, he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking a little surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then handing it back said, "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper class boy, who took my book by mistake one day, instead of his own."

"Oh, oh!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case." The two books went back again to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, gave the prize to Charley.

The boys laughed at Willie. "What a fool you were, Willie, to say anything about it," said one of them.

"I wouldn't have told," said another.

"Nor I," said another, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to have the benefit of it."

Willie heard all they had to say, and then quietly replied:—

"It would not have been the truth, if I had not told who wrote the copy. I had rather tell the truth, and do right, than gain a dozen prizes. Truth is better than gold."

The Children's Paper.

For The Dayspring.

GOOD-MORNING.

THE sun peeped through the window,
And this is what he said:—

"Good morning, lit le girl. Dear me!

Why ain't you out of bed?

I really think that you must be

A little sleepy-head.

"Why, I got up two hours ago!

The earth looked all so fair,

I wonder'd why some folks slept on,

As if they didn't care;

For blinds were drawn and shutters closed

In houses everywhere.

"But all the birds began to stir,

When they caught sight of me;

With song and twitter they woke up

In every leafy tree;

But then they early went to bed,

These little birds, you see.

"The flowers looked up with merry smiles,

And said good-morning too;

They were so fresh, for they had washed

Their faces in the dew;

I stooped and kissed them as I passed

The meadows where they grew.

"The cocks upon the barn-yard fence

Called out 'how do you do?'

While pigeons trimmed their ruffled necks

As they began to coo:

So I'd not seen a sleepy face,

Until I came to you."

BESSIE BENTLY.



THE WHITE MICE.

BOUNCE.

"Who is Bounce?" Why, a dog. Do you not see him looking into his young master's face? He is learning his lesson. Bounce is not much at a book. But he hears all that his master says, and will do just as his master tells him.

Are you so good a scholar as Bounce? When your teacher talks to you do you look right into her face, and listen to her, and think of what she says? If you do not I am afraid Bounce will learn faster than you.

Bounce cannot read or write or spell or say "one and one are two," but he will make a bow, shake hands with you, and tell you how glad he is to see you, in the best way that dogs can. And the best of it is that Bounce is, without knowing it, teaching his young master to be faithful to his duties. Bounce does not teach by words, but by doing.

THE WHITE MICE.

THAT is Willie Small's room. See his ship on the little closet in the corner, and his playthings by the window. There, too, is his little mouse-cage, where he keeps two little white mice. His sister Rose has come into his room to see the mice, and Willie has taken them out of their cage to show her.

You can see how tame the mice are. They will run up Willie's arm, and run round on his shoulders without being the least afraid.

Rose looks at them with delight, and wants to touch them, but is almost afraid to put her hands on them. Willie is quite proud of his mice, and is very glad to show them to his sister or to any of his friends.

MARY'S PRAYER.

THIS is the way somebody writes little Mary's Prayer:—

"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two ears, and help them hear my mother call me. Bless my two lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them good and not touch what they mustn't. Bless my two feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love you, and my mother and father, and little brother, and everybody. Please let ugly sin never get hold of me — never, never. Amen.

For The Dayspring.

JACKY DANDY.

LITTLE Jacky Dandy
Is very fond of candy;
So every penny that he earns
In his vest pocket always burns
Until he finds a candy shop,
Then in he goes, hop, hop, hop.

But Jack was never known to treat
 A friend or comrade on the street;
 When he has purchased to his mind,
 He comes out with his hands behind,
 And looks about from left to right,
 To see that no one is in sight;
 Then hides behind some rocky shelf,
 And eats his candy all himself.

But Jack, that's not the way to do;
 All little boys love candy too,
 So give to each and all a share,
 And still you'll find enough to spare.
 Don't be afraid to give away
 A little morsel every day
 Of kindness, love, or even candy;
 Then you'll be happy Jacky Dandy.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

THE HUNCHBACK.

In a little village in the south of Flanders there lived, a long time ago, a poor tailor named Urban. His sister Veronica dwelt with him in the little house where they were born, and both worked with their needle to earn their bread. As long as the daylight lasted Urban might be seen sitting cross-legged in his shop, with his spectacles on his nose, never raising his eyes from his work, unless it was to return the friendly "Good-morning" of some passer-by, while Veronica was always busy with the work of the house.

The neighbors often saw her, sometimes spinning at one of the two windows, sometimes cleaning their already shining panes, or spreading her old, well-mended clothes to dry. When she was not to be seen they knew that she was knitting behind the counter, or boiling the thin soup that formed their dinner every day.

One Christmas day the tailor and Veronica went to the church early in the morning; it was cold and dismal, and few people had braved the north wind and frost in order to

go to so early a service. Urban and his sister knelt almost alone at the end of the church, and prayed devoutly. All at once, when the music of the organ ceased for a moment, they heard a low wailing sound; they listened, they looked about them; the cries became more distinct, but they could see nothing. At last Urban rose to search the dark places of the church, and in a little doorway he found an infant, which had hardly strength enough to cry with cold and hunger.

"Poor little innocent!" he sighed, full of pity, as he took it to Veronica, who wrapped the child in her cloak, and they both quietly left the church. Her first care on reaching home was to warm some milk, wrap the babe in dry clothes, and lay him in her own bed.

What delight it gave them to see it eat, then go to sleep, and wake smiling on them. Veronica forgot to put her sauce-pan on the fire, to fold up her cloak, or take off her Sunday dress. Every one was astonished that the pious tailor and his sister were not at the services. At dusk, two neighbors knocked at the shop-door.

"Are you ill, Veronica? What has happened to you that we have not seen you at church on such a day as this?"

Veronica smiled, and without saying anything led them to the hearth, where the little foundling lay on a cushion.

"Here," she said with a beaming face, "look at this poor little baby!"

Urban lowered the lamp towards the child, and gently clacked his tongue to call the attention of the little new-comer.

"Surely," said one of the neighbors, "you do not intend to keep it?"

"What would you have us do with it? Shall we carry it back to the church to see if the ravens will feed it?"

"What an ugly child!" said the two women on their way home. "Its great

head is sunk between its shoulders, its limbs are like sticks; and such a mouth! It will never know how to do any thing but eat their bread,—at least if it lives long enough, which is not very like y.”

In truth, the poor child was very ugly; but, thanks to Veronica's care and the thin soup, his life was saved. As he grew older he did not become better-looking, and soon the name for him all over the village was “Hunchback John.”

When he tried to join in the games of others, the rude children amused themselves with playing pranks on him, or calling unkind things after him; then John would leave them, and seating himself on the shop step, watch with envy, but without bitterness, healthy children play and run as he would never be able to do. Sometimes, seeing himself deserted by those of his own age, he cried silently; but if at that moment Urban called him to thread his needle, or Veronica asked him to blow the bellows or shell beans, he dried his tears and ran with a smile, happy at being able to do any thing for others.

It was not only his adopted parents whom he liked to oblige, but any one who would accept his services.

If a dog wagged his tail to beg for some of John's supper, and afterwards gratefully licked his hand, he would go to bed hungry, thinking that he had not paid at all too much for the caress of an animal. When an unkind child cried after him, “Ugly little hunchback!” the poor little fellow would try to atone for his ugliness by some kind act. For one, he would run an errand in cold and rain; he would mend the clothes of another; and if a big boy ill-treated a little one, he would put himself to receive the blows instead, till the poor little victim had escaped. When he grew older, while learning tailoring from Urban, he would tell

beautiful stories to the children who gathered round him. Indeed if he had not, during the course of the day, helped or relieved some one, he would go to bed with a sad heart; and every morning he asked God to make him useful to all who came in his way.

When he was sixteen, his adopted father died, and it was with bitter tears that John occupied Urban's place on the table. From this moment the life and well-being of Veronica depended entirely on his care, and he worked hard from morning till night in order to buy what she needed. But she also grew old, her limbs gave way under her, and Hunchback John, never weary of helping her, rose an hour earlier, and went to bed an hour later, that he might do the work which she was now not able to do. You must not think, however, that he did not feel fatigue.

When his lamp had been burning till midnight, his feeble body was so weary that he could hardly undress in order to go to bed. Yet, when the church clock struck at dawn, he always rose to continue his work, though still quite stiff with the work of the day before.

At the fall of the leaf Veronica took to her bed, never to rise from it again. The lad did his very best, but the winter was hard, and often, alas! the poor hunchback was in want. Even the sparrows often tapped with their beaks in vain at his window; bread was too dear to spare any for them. One night, when the wind was high, and whirled the snow in the faces of any who went outside, Veronica lay in a feverish sleep. From time to time John moistened her lips with water mixed with a little vinegar.

“It is lucky,” said he to himself, “that she does not ask for any thing to eat, for I have nothing to give her. O God!” he

cried, raising his hands and eyes to the black, starless sky, which he could see through the frost-covered window, "Thou who dost not let even the birds which build under our roof fall to the ground, send me help!"

Soon after he thought that he heard the shop door open and a step on the stair. Some one knocked. It was the waiter from a hotel near, who, too delicate to face the storm, had come to him rather than go to a more fashionable tailor who lived at the other end of the town.

"A strange gentleman wants you, Mr. John," said he; "come at once, and try to please him. I can answer that he will pay you well."

The poor lad joyfully followed him. The stranger looked at him from head to foot.

"Do you think that you are fit to work for me?" he asked, with surprise.

John raised his eyes full of tears, and recollecting that he was the ugly hunchback, he reddened with confusion. This beautiful room, these fine clothes, this grand gentleman, he had never seen any thing like it—he who made the clothes of artisans, and mended those of the towns-people. "But what does it matter?" he thought. "God has taken pity on my distress, and will continue to aid me."

"Sir," he said in a humble tone, "give me your work; I assure you that it shall be well done, and I will bring it back to-morrow morning."

All night long John worked, and when fatigue prompted him to give up in despair, one glance at the face of the sick woman gave him new courage. By the morning the work was finished, and with trembling hands John carried it to the rich stranger, and he, as much surprised at the skill of the worker as he had been at his appearance, paid him generously. At the sight of more

money than he had possessed for many months, the poor hunchback burst into tears. The stranger, surprised, questioned him, and, touched by his simply-told tale, doubled the price of his work.

John's first care was to get a doctor for Veronica, and buy her all the comforts he could think of; she seemed then to revive again; but it was only for a time, and before the return of the leaf they laid her under the willow which shadowed her brother's tomb.

The bright sun and warm spring-time brought no gladness to the poor hunchback; he went sadly about the house. Those whom he had loved and cared for, those who had loved him more than any one else on earth, had left him. He sadly worked at his needle to gain the bread he no longer enjoyed. The timid mouse, the flowers in his window, the birds of the air, were all objects of his care, but he wanted something more and better than these. He called the children, and seated on the steps of his shop, or gathered round his table as of old, they listened to his stories. Soon he thought of teaching them to read, and each day the little troop came gaily to receive their lesson. With what impatience the poor hunchback waited for this hour! The children loved him so much, it gladdened him to hear them laugh; he smiled on those who raised their eyes to him, and if one held up his rosy cheek to be kissed, the child always went away with a nosegay. But when seated alone in the evening by his lamp, he would look sadly round and weep.

One Christmas night he awoke, as he often did, and thought how twenty years before, at this same hour, he was lying in a corner of the church, deserted by those from whom he had received life. He went back in his memory through his whole life, and each hour of joy was linked in his mind with the

thought of his two dead friends. "And now I am alone!" this was the burden of his thoughts. The stars shining calmly in the sky threw their soft rays upon him.

"O God!" he said, "how beautiful it must be in your glorious home! The love with which you rejoice the hearts of your creatures here below, in the midst of misery, is so sweet, what must it be in heaven?"

Then he thought of Veronica and Urban waiting for him; he thought, also, poor deformed being, that up there he would be no more the ugly little hunchback; and while looking thus at the burning stars, an eager desire to fly away to the eternal home filled his heart.

"The time will come," he said to himself; "the workman must not rest till his work is done. Patience! Yes, God give me patience!"

He was falling asleep after these thoughts when the sound of a bell rang through the air; it was not the church bell, but a loud, deep-toned one — the village fire-bell. John rose hastily; the thatch of a cottage was on fire! He hastened to help those who tried to put out the fire. The thatch was already one blaze of light, the walls were falling, and the poor owners, seeing the ruin of their home, wrung their hands in despair.

Alas! a cow, their sole property, was perishing in the flames, for no one would brave the fire for the sake of an animal. But the hunchback did not reflect long; he sprang into the stable, and after many efforts he drove the poor creature out. John was so much injured by the fire that he was carried to his bed at once, and he died that evening, happy at having saved a family from complete ruin, but happier still at leaving his miserable earthly body, to live in heaven.

The little hunchback, who had been neglected by every one during his life, died regretted by all. Children, artisans, and

towns-people, followed his humble coffin; they planted on his grave the roses that he had so carefully tended, and they turned his shop into a school for the village.

The Children's Prize.

For The Dayspring.

WALTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

ANY one might know there was something unusual going on in the little village where Walter Mason lived. The children were busy as bees, papas and mammas had been appealed to with wonderful words, and now the day had come on which their plan was to be executed. Mrs. Mason arose that morning with a sad feeling of despondency. Her health, always delicate, was beginning to give way, and she seated herself at her never-ending task with a deep-drawn sigh. What would become of her family if she should be unable to work? Walter's skilful hands prepared the simple repast, washed the dishes and swept the floor; then he heard Nellie's lesson in arithmetic, read aloud to his mother, rocked Willie to sleep, and was teaching Mary her letters when his mother spoke: "I wonder where so many children are going; there's a roadful coming this way."

"Probably they are going nutting," answered Walter. "Jamie King asked me to go with them sometime, but did not say when."

"That will be nice," shouted Alice, loud enough to waken Willie; "nuts be so good."

"But I can't go, Allie," replied Walter, gravely; "mamma is not well, and I must be p her all day."

But the children passed without calling, and Walter was glad; for he, too, longed for the good nuts, as well as the pleasure of gathering them.

A half hour later, a whole troop of children,

great and small, bounded into Mrs. Mason's sitting-room, with boxes and bundles, which they piled unceremoniously on table, chairs, and floor.

"You see," said one, "we knew it was Walter's birthday, so we planned a surprise party; just look here!" and the speaker opened a box, that to the young Masons seemed filled like a peddler's trunk, from which she proceeded to take out first, a variety of toys and knickknacks, then a pair of gloves for Nellie, a dress for Alice, a scarf for Mary, a frock for Willie, and pocket-book for Walter. The younger children were wild with delight, while Walter and his mother could find no words sufficient to express their gratitude.

"There goes Jason now with his empty wagon," shouted one of the visitors, and as they hurried to the road the man stopped to fill his vehicle with the happy throng.

It took Mrs. Mason and Walter some time to open all the parcels and to realize that so much was for them. There were schoolbooks for Walter to use the coming winter, a dress pattern and hood for Mrs. Mason, a complete suit of warm, substantial clothing for all the children, with handkerchiefs, cotton cloth, thread, needles, pins, and many of similar articles all needed for family use. Going to the back kitchen a greater surprise awaited them. Here were a barrel of flour, another of apples, papers of raisins, spices, tea, coffee, sugar, soda; and a letter was soon brought them, saying a load of fuel would arrive to-morrow. Mrs. Mason was urged to be careful and not injure herself by overwork, while Walter was praised for his prompt and faithful attendance to duty, and his kindness of heart. The letter ended with the hope that the Mason family had found the day as pleasant as had the children that went self-invited to Walter's birthday party. "Mother," said Wal-

ter that evening, "I can't write down my riches in that bank-book any more. I'm a millionaire; and who ever heard of a millionaire counting over his wealth dollar by dollar!"

A. A. B.

HUMOROUS.

SIGNOR BLITZ had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments." "Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the coins which that lady holds into your coat-pocket?"

"No," said the boy, confidently.

"Think not"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"'Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

"What is your business?" asked a lawyer of a rough-looking witness.

"I'm a penman," was the reply.

"A *penman*!" exclaimed the judge, looking sharply at the witness.

"Yes, sir; I pen sheep in a cattle market," was the conclusive answer.

AN APT REPLY. — At a recent Sunday-school service in a prominent church in New Haven, the rector was illustrating the necessity of a Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world; and, to make it apparent to the youthful mind, the rector said: —

"For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I have it pumped. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order; but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I do not get water?"

He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made a connection with the main pipe in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing.

"Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good rector, looking over the flock of wondering faces, bowed down by the weight of the problem.

"I know," squeaked out a little five-year old, "*you don't pay!*"

BOOK NOTICES.

J. R. OSGOOD & Co. have issued a beautiful little volume of Whittier's late poems, entitled "Hazel Blossoms." It contains "Sumner," "The Prayer of Agassiz," and a dozen more pieces of Whittier's, and six or eight pieces of his sister's. Here, as ever, Whittier sings out of the heart of humanity:—

"The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On th' rounds of his best instincts; draws no line
Between mere human goodness and divi. e,
But judging God by what in him is best,
With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast."

The same firm have given the young in an illustrated volume, that excellent story of J. T. Trowbridge, "Fast Friends." It has a healthy tone, and will be sure to interest the boys.

LORING publishes "Risen from the Ranks; or Harry Walton's Success," another story by Horatio Alger, Jr. Young readers who have already got interested in Harry Walton, will be glad to follow him in his upward career. The story is an interesting one.

KEEP continually busy and you will accomplish much. "No day without a line," and a large book is soon written.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night!"

Puzzles.

26.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A FORM in which we have the staff of life;
Let it be closed to words of ill and strife;
A wicked son of Aaron, great high priest;
The queen in "Eather" ordered to the feast;
In it the rising sun each morn behold;
Some children have them, we are often told.
The primals show what now doth strew the ground;
The finals, what in autumn months abound.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters.
My 8, 2, 4, is a gentle animal.
My 3, 7, 8, 6, is a part of speech.
My 5, 2, 2, 1, is the earth's attendant.
My 6, 8, 2, 2, 5, is a useful household article.
My whole is one of a family of twelve, and is not so pleasant as some of his brothers and sisters.

28.

SQUARE WORD.

1. The chief of Christian graces.
2. A gem.
3. A screen.
4. A girl's name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

24.—Apple. Winter. Ice. Soldier. Earl. Sun. Odor. Note. May. Anger. Kindness. Emperor. Spring. Anchor. Giraffe. Lark. Antelope. Death. Faith. Ark. Trust. Humility. Emblem. Rule.

A wise son makes a glad father.

25.—1. Good. 2. Brave.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE.)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy . . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . . \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.